*Enter hastily a* MESSENGER *from the Mountain-path and distraught.*

MESSENGER.

Woe to the house once blest in Hellas I Woe
To thee, old King Sidonian, who didst sow
The dragon-seed on Ares* bloody lea 1
Alas, even thy slaves must weep for thee!

LEADER.

News from the mountain f—Speak I How hath it
sped ?

MESSENGER.

Pentheus, my king, Echion's son, is dead I

LEADER.

All hail, God of the Voice^
Manifest ever more !

MESSENGER.

What say'st thou?—And how strange thy tone, as
though
In joy at this my master's overthrow I

LEADER.

With fierce joy *I* rejoice,
Child of a savage shore ;
For the chains of my prison are broken, and the dread
where I cowered of yore !

MESSENGER.

And deern'st thou Thebes so beggared, so forlorn
Of manhood, as to sit beneath thy scorn ?